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No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The Man With the Nose

A Comedy for Boys in Two Acts

By
EDWARD PRENTISS KNOX

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.,
1910

PS635
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The Man With the Nose

CHARACTERS

(As originally produced by the boys of St. George's Evening Trade School, November 14, 1907.)

FIRST CITIZEN	Paul Sluk.
SECOND CITIZEN	Jacob Ernsberger.
WAITER	Harry Nichols.
MAN WITH THE NOSE	George Kuebbler.
POLICEMAN	Theodore Hiller.
PROPRIETOR	William Wegener.
MAGISTRATE	Otto Kaelin.
CLERK	Edward Jacob.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—A quick-lunch restaurant.
ACT II.—A court-room.



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COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS

THE CITIZENS are very respectable and serious. They are carefully dressed and speak with great precision.

THE PROPRIETOR is fat and comfortable. He might be a Jew.

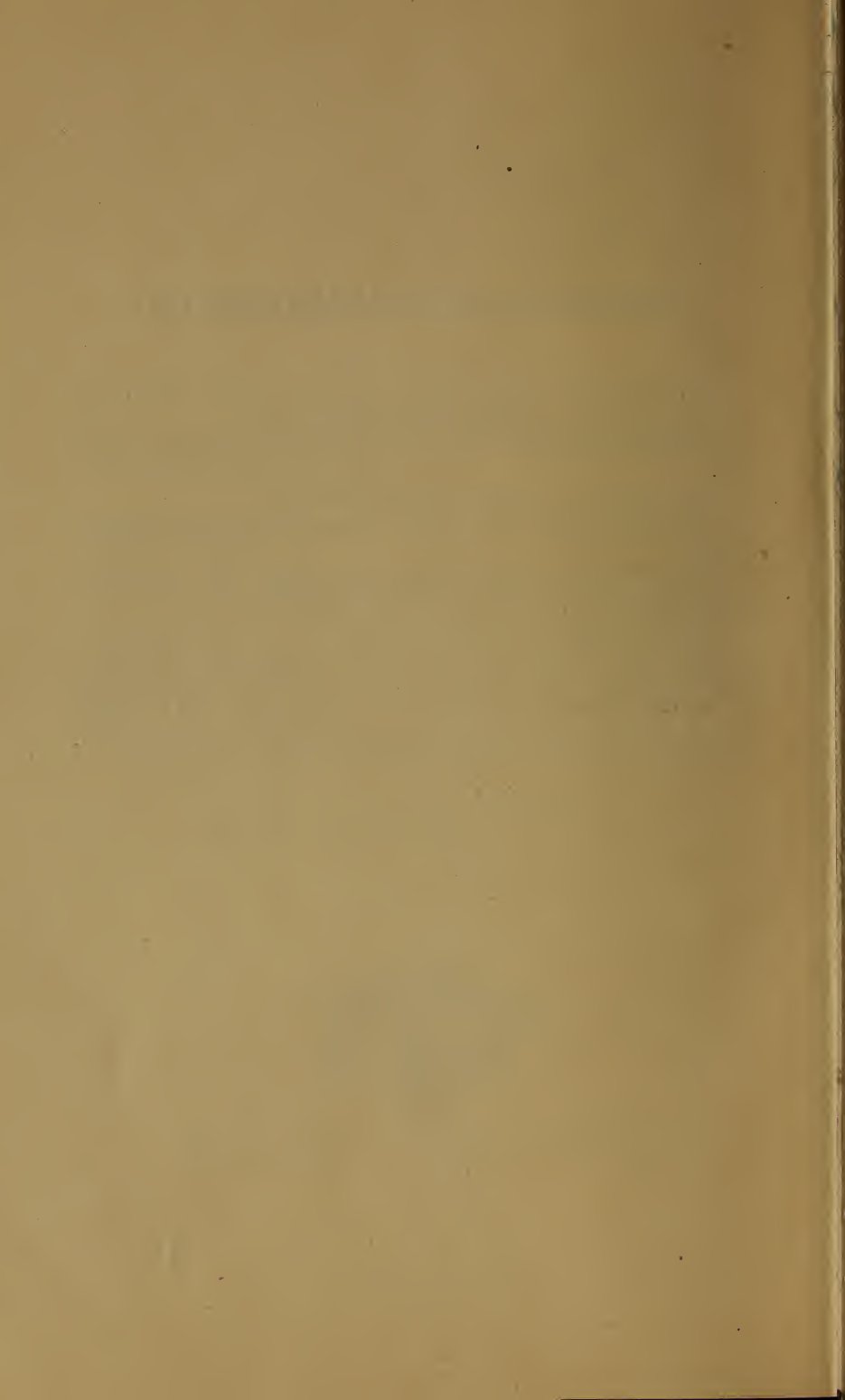
THE WAITER is a saucy, bumptious darkey.

THE MAGISTRATE is a large ceremonious pompous Dutchman.

THE CLERK is a jaunty, dapper little fellow. He is insolent in his manner, and quick in his movements.

THE POLICEMAN may be an Irishman.

THE MAN WITH THE NOSE is thin and angular. He has a *very long* nose which he should keep in profile to the audience, as much as possible. He should always stoop, with his head thrust forward, and his movements should be very quick. His dress is that of a tramp. His voice is high and nasal.



The Man With the Nose

ACT I

SCENE.—*A quick-lunch restaurant. Time, morning. In the centre of stage, forward, a lunch-counter, having a stool at each end. To the right, front, a seat beside a small desk, with a telephone for the PROPRIETOR. To the left, front, a shelf with a jar labeled "Jam," about five feet above the floor. Suspended above the middle of the lunch-counter is a sign reading "Regular Dinner 'Fifteen Cents.'" In the rear of the stage, left centre, an entrance with a swinging door; right centre, a window.*

(FIRST and SECOND CITIZENS discovered on high stools at the ends of the lunch-counter. The PROPRIETOR, sound asleep, is seated, to the right, by his desk.)

FIRST CIT. (*making a clatter with his knife and fork*).

Where is that waiter and my kidney stew?

Why don't he come? I've got to catch a train at two!

SECOND CIT. (*laying aside newspaper, which he has been reading*).

I ordered me some coffee, steak and omelette,

I've been here seven hours and I haven't seen them yet.

FIRST CIT.

Been waiting here from sunrise up to noon?

SECOND CIT.

To get my breakfast? Yes. (*Shakes his fist.*)

He said he'd come back soon.

FIRST CIT. (*consulting his watch*).

Unless he hurries up I'm going to miss my train.

SECOND CIT.

Let's raise our voices loud and call for him again.

FIRST CIT.

SECOND CIT.

} (*together*). Ho! Waiter! Ho! Waiter!

WAITER (*outside*). Yes, sah. Yes, sah. Directly, sah. You

order is — (*Great crash of breaking crockery outside. Enter WAITER with tray full of dishes, which slide off the tray as he comes through the door.*) Coming, sah!

FIRST CIT. (*wrathfully*).

Heigh! you good-for-nothing, lazy sinner!

Why in thunder don't you bring my dinner?

SECOND CIT. (*shaking his fist*).

Yes, you crazy, slower-'n-molasses, black-faced fake!

Why don't you hurry up and bring my steak?

WAITER (*scraping, bowing, smiling and tilting up his tray*).

Dey all a-started slippin' as I come tro de door,

And dey slidded, and dey skidded, and dey went off on de floor!

FIRST CIT.

Alas! Alack! This means I'm forced to take my train

With nothing in my insides but —

WAITER (*scornfully*).

An empty stomach and a hungry pain.

SECOND CIT.

Alas! Alas! Now I shall have no steak to carve,

Without my breakfast coming I shall surely starve!

FIRST CIT. (*in anger*).

Let's go behind and knock that clumsy, grinning nigger down!

WAITER.

Go easy, boss; has you forgot dat I'se de only waiter-man in town?

When you comes round to get your steak and stew,

If I'm knocked down, a-whose a-goin' to wait on you?

SECOND CIT.

Well, if you are a waiter, come, look me in the face,

And tell me is there anything to eat in this here place?

FIRST CIT.

Yes, and bring us anything you've got.

WAITER.

Does you want it cold or does you want it hot?

FIRST CIT.

Hot or cold, we want something to eat.

WAITER.

Does you want it sour or does you want it sweet?

SECOND CIT.

Look here, Mr. Waiter, no back talk.

WAITER.

Sugar in your coffee, sah, or chalk?

SECOND CIT. (*to FIRST CIT.*).

The pesky fellow makes me tired.

FIRST CIT.

Let's wake his boss up there and have him fired.

FIRST CIT. } (*together, looking toward sleeping* PRO-

SECOND CIT. } PRIETOR). Heigh! Mr. Proprietor!

WAITER (*alarmed*).

A-wait a second, hol' on, gents (*pointing to the sign hung above the counter*),

De regular dinner fifteen cents!

FIRST CIT. (*surprised and pleased*).

Regular dinner? That will do,

Why didn't you show us that before?

SECOND CIT. (*looking at sign*).

Regular dinner? Bring us two,

And don't you drop *them* on the floor!

WAITER (*dancing backward to rear of stage*).

Ebry thing on de bill o' fare

I'll bring in right side up wid care,—

No mo' slidin' off'n dis tray —

[*Exit WAITER, rear.*]

FIRST CIT. } (*together*).

SECOND CIT. }

Don't keep us waiting here all day!

(*The SECOND CIT. takes up his newspaper and reads. The face of THE MAN WITH THE NOSE appears at the window. Long-drawn whistle outside.*)

FIRST CIT. (*in frightened whisper*).

What was that?

SECOND CIT. (*looking up*).

What saw you?

FIRST CIT. (*agitated*).

I saw a man in a dirty hat,

And a coat of blue and a ragged shirt,

And uncombed hair all covered with dirt,

At the window there!

Reënter WAITER, rear, carrying tray of dishes. FIRST CIT.
to WAITER.

Heigh, there! Waiter! Did you see?

WAITER (*startled*).

Deed, sah, I didn't. A-was he lookin' at me?

(*Drops tray on counter with crash.*)

SECOND CIT. (*taking dinner off tray and beginning to eat ; to FIRST CIT.*).

Eat your dinner, or it will get cold.

(*To WAITER.*)

Bring me some butter, and do as you're told.

[*Exit WAITER, rear.*]

FIRST CIT. (*taking dishes off tray*).

I'm so awfully scared I never can eat ;

I've got a ch-chill way down in my feet.

Enter THE MAN WITH THE NOSE, L. He steals up behind the SECOND CIT., leans over his shoulder and sniffs of his dinner. Reënter WAITER, rapidly, rear, with plate.

WAITER. D-d-d-der's de feller !

(*Drops plate in fright, at which THE MAN WITH THE NOSE flees quickly across front of stage and exit, R. WAITER, to SECOND CIT.*)

I saw him stoop,

And stick his nose right in your soup !

SECOND CIT. (*getting down off his stool, and coming forward in much alarm*).

I've eaten my fill—I'll have to go ;

Bring me my bill—how much do I owe ?

Reënter THE MAN WITH THE NOSE, L. He scrambles up, behind, on the stool just left vacant by the SECOND CIT., and bending down low, sniffs the dinner with his hands, all the while, behind his back. The SECOND CIT. turns, grabs him from behind and tries to pull him off the stool. The FIRST CIT. tries to help. THE MAN WITH THE NOSE repulses both CITIZENS, so that they are forced to withdraw behind the counter, leaving him sniffing at the dishes.

FIRST CIT. (*picking up a long loaf of bread*).

Hit him with bread if he tries to come near.

(To WAITER.)

Wake up your boss and tell him come here !

(The WAITER grabs his tray, goes over to the sleeping PROPRIETOR and beats with a spoon on his tray in the PROPRIETOR'S ear.)

PROPRIETOR (*slowly waking*).

Now, now, what is the matter,

What is all this noise and clatter ? (*Sleeps.*)

FIRST CIT.

Wake him up, wake him up,

He's sticking his nose in my coffee cup !

SECOND CIT.

Get him awake, get him awake !

He's just took a smell off a piece of my steak !

PROPRIETOR (*yawning and stretching*).

Well now, come tell, what is it that you wish ?

WAITER (*excitedly*).

Dat feller dere has took a smell off ebery single dish.

SECOND CIT.

We've tried to keep him out —

FIRST CIT.

He will not stay away —

WAITER.

He smell things wid his snout, and he don't intend to pay.

(THE MAN WITH THE NOSE retreats to the left of stage, where he discovers the pot of jam and stands on his tip-toes, sniffing, with his hands in his hair, and his back to the audience. The CITIZENS resume eating.)

PROPRIETOR (*rising slowly*).

I know that fellow. Wherever he goes
The people call him The Man With the Nose ;
He's been round here for some ten year,
And smelled each meal that's served in here.
I've never before laid my eyes on the chap,
Because I'm always a-taking a nap,
But this smelling game I'll put to a stop ;
I'll call up the Station to send round a cop !

(Takes down telephone receiver.)

Let me have Stuyvesant (*or any appropriate name*),
twenty-three —

(*Aside.*) He'll pay for the smells, he's stole off me.
Hello! Hello, there, Sergeant! send round a man,
Down to my restaurant, soon as you can; —
There's a man down here who has stolen a smell —
What? I want him took up and put in a cell.
You say that a man is right now on his way,—

(*To WAITER.*)

Bring out more to eat, so this smeller will stay,
Some soup and some meat, and some pudding and pie.

(*Exit WAITER, rear. PROPRIETOR continues at telephone.*)

Hello! Thank you, Sergeant, we'll fix him. Good-bye!

(*Hangs up receiver. Reënter WAITER with more dishes, rear.*)

WAITER.

Tables for ladies, tables for gents,
De regular dinner fifteen cents!

FIRST CIT.

The finest meal I've had in all my life.

SECOND CIT.

I'm coming again and I'm going to bring my wife.

FIRST CIT.

The best eating-place I ever have found.

SECOND CIT.

But I don't like that fellow a-nosing around.

PROPRIETOR.

We'll soon have him where
He will smell only air,—
The cop's at the door
By that noise I just heard; —
Step soft on the floor,
Sh! Don't speak a word.

Enter POLICEMAN, R.

WAITER (*to* POLICEMAN, *pointing*).

Dat's your man ober dere,—
Smellin' in dat pot ob jam,
Wid his fingers in his hair.

POLICEMAN.

Standin', reachin', on his toes,
The fellow with the lengthy nose?

PROPRIETOR (*into POLICEMAN'S ear*).

That's your man, get him quick,
Don't make no noise, he's awfully slick —
And hurry up, for goodness' sake (*yawning*),
I can't much longer stay awake.

(*Falls back into his chair and sleeps. The POLICEMAN crosses front of stage and grabs THE MAN WITH THE NOSE from behind.*)

POLICEMAN.

You are my prisoner!

(*Turns THE MAN WITH THE NOSE to face the audience.*)

THE MAN WITH THE NOSE.

What fer? What fer?

POLICEMAN.

For doing this some twenty years you'll get!

FIRST CIT.

Most evil rogue that I have ever met.

SECOND CIT.

No doubt a cut-throat and a dangerous gent.

THE MAN WITH THE NOSE.

Have mercy, I am innocent.

A poor and hungry hobo, I,

Who never stole a thing nor hurt a fly!

POLICEMAN (*leading out prisoner. To all*).

Away! Away! The time is short.

I call ye all as witnesses to-morrow in the Court.

[*Exeunt POLICEMAN and THE MAN WITH THE NOSE, R.*

WAITER.

De regular dinner, fifteen cents!

Hab another dinner, gents?

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*A court room. Time, the next morning. In the centre of stage, a desk for the MAGISTRATE, with a railing in front. Legal books, etc., on desk. To the right, a chair and small desk, with ledger and writing materials, for the CLERK. To the left, four chairs along the wall. In the rear of the stage, a door and a window.*

(The MAGISTRATE and CLERK are sitting at their desks, MAGISTRATE centre, CLERK to right. The MAGISTRATE is busily writing. The CLERK has his feet on the desk and is nonchalantly playing on a mouth-organ.)

MAGISTRATE *(staring at CLERK and then rapping on desk).*
Are you a pianola or a Clerk?
Come, shut that racket off and get to work.

(The CLERK continues playing. The MAGISTRATE glares. Sarcastic.)

Ven you haf finished that sweet air,
Chust look into your book and read me vat is there.

(The CLERK plays louder, disdainfully.)

I tell you shtop that awful din. *(Rises in anger.)*
If you don't do vat I say, —

(Knocking outside. The MAGISTRATE pauses and turns toward the sound. The CLERK stops playing.)

Come in!

Enter POLICEMAN, R. The CLERK has begun to write industriously.

POLICEMAN *(bowing).*

Good-morning, Mr. Clerk and Magistrate.

CLERK *(curtly, glancing up as he writes).*

You're nearly twenty minutes late.

POLICEMAN.

I really couldn't help it, sir,
I had to feed my prisoner.

MAGISTRATE.

Vat business brings you here to court?

POLICEMAN.

I've come to hand in a report — (*proudly*)
The finest that I've made this year.

(*Hands paper to CLERK.*)

MAGISTRATE.

Vell, read it out so ve can hear.

(*The CLERK prefers to read the report to himself. MAGISTRATE loudly.*)

Vell, read it out; vat does it say?

CLERK (*slowly rising and reading without inflection*).

“Dear—sir—I—took—a—prisoner—yesterday—
I—shall—expect—a—raise—in—pay.”

MAGISTRATE.

Und is that all there is to read?

CLERK. Yes, sir. (*Saunters to rear of stage to window.*)

MAGISTRATE (*to POLICEMAN*).

Vat vittness haf you to this deed?

POLICEMAN.

The vittnesses are coming later. (*Counting on fingers.*)

Two Citizens, Proprietor, and Waiter.

CLERK (*running forward from window to front of stage. Excitedly*).

There they are, sir, there they are,
Just getting off a trolley-car!

MAGISTRATE (*impressively*).

Prepare to have the trial begin.

(*To POLICEMAN.*)

Go now, und bring the prisoner in.

[*Exit POLICEMAN, R.*]

CLERK (*listening to L.*).

I hear them coming up the stairs.

MAGISTRATE.

Vell, hurry up und get some chairs!

CLERK.

Chairs, sir? Chairs? One, two, three, four!

(*The CLERK places the chairs in a row running obliquely from the left corner of the MAGISTRATE'S desk to the front of stage. Knocking outside, L.*)

MAGISTRATE (*ceremoniously*).

Valk in, valk in.

(*Knocking continues outside, L. MAGISTRATE calls out.*)

Op-en the do-or!

Enter L., to music, in order named, FIRST CIT., PROPRIETOR, SECOND CIT., and WAITER, carrying his tray. They march in Indian file before the MAGISTRATE'S desk, halt, face the MAGISTRATE and, together, bow low. As they bow, the MAGISTRATE rises and grandly waves them to their seats. The witnesses turn, file to the chairs which the CLERK has placed in a row, stop, face to front, and simultaneously sit down. The WAITER, who should be at the end nearest the audience, upsets himself, and sits on the floor. The CLERK, meanwhile, has resumed his seat. Music ceases. MAGISTRATE shouts.

Order! Order! In the court!

(*To WAITER.*)

Vere are your manners?

Did you think

You're roller skating in a rink?

(*MAGISTRATE becomes seated.*)

CLERK (*suppressing laughter*).

Oh, me! Oh, my! That was a bute!

WAITER (*rubbing his head*).

I thought it was de shoot-de-chute.

Enter POLICEMAN with THE MAN WITH THE NOSE, R.

MAGISTRATE.

Order! Order in the court!

FIRST CIT. (*to WAITER*).

This is no place for play and sport.

POLICEMAN.

Here is the prisoner that I took!

WAITER.

Ebrybody hab a look!

MAGISTRATE.

Order, order, order, gents !

WAITER.

Order a regular fifteen cents !

CLERK.

Heigh, there, Waiter, say, there, Bill,
We'll put you out if you don't keep still !

WAITER.

I will be good, I will, I am,
I'll shut my mouf up like a clam.

MAGISTRATE (*in tone of awe*).

I never saw a nose so large.

(*To POLICEMAN.*)

You took this fellow on vat charge ?

POLICEMAN.

That's more than I can say to you,
It was because (*pointing at PROPRIETOR, who is asleep*)
he told me to.

MAGISTRATE (*to PROPRIETOR*).

Vake up, vake up, vhy vas it? Vell ?

WAITER. (*aside*).

It was because he stole a smell.

MAGISTRATE.

Order, order in the court !

SECOND CIT. (*shaking PROPRIETOR*).

Wake up, wake up, you sleepy-head !

FIRST CIT. (*shouting in PROPRIETOR'S ear*).

You're at the court, you're not in bed.

PROPRIETOR (*sleepily*).

Stop that, quit that. Leave me be !

WAITER (*waving his hand as if he were in school*).

Mr. Magistrate, ask me.

MAGISTRATE (*to CITIZENS*).

If you cannot wake him let the Waiter tell.

WAITER (*rising and with importance*).

It was because he stole a smell.

WAITER } (*in chorus, pointing at the prisoner*).
CITIZENS }

He stole a smell! He stole a smell!! He—stole—
a—smell!!!

MAGISTRATE.

Order, order, in the court! (*To CLERK.*)
Ask the prisoner can he read und write.

(*The CLERK takes down the replies of the prisoner.*)

WAITER (*aside, pointing at PROPRIETOR, who is asleep*).
He—he sleeps all day, and den he sleeps all night.

MAGISTRATE.

Order in the court! (*To WAITER.*)
Yes, you,—
Don't speak unless you're spoken to.

(*To CLERK.*)

Now, ask the prisoner has he any money.

PROPRIETOR (*waking up suddenly*).
Money? Money? Who said money?
Was I asleep?

WAITER.

How bery funny!

MAGISTRATE (*to CLERK*).

Now, ask the prisoner has he any gold.

CLERK (*reading rapidly as he writes*).

He says he got a little for a donkey that he sold,
He says she wasn't even worth the stuff she ate and
drank,

So he sold her to a man and put the money in the bank.

PROPRIETOR (*coming forward*).

Ah-ah! Ah-ah! Soon, sir, you shall see
How all that money in the bank, by rights, belongs
to me.

MAGISTRATE.

Mr. Clerk, you're writing down there everything that
has been said?

PROPRIETOR (*aside to CITIZENS*).

I am going to spend that money for a nice new feather-
bed.

MAGISTRATE (*to CLERK*).

Go to this fellow's bank and draw out all his roll.

(*To THE MAN WITH THE NOSE.*)

I'm going to make you pay for every smell you've stole.

THE MAN WITH THE NOSE.

I never had a cent to spend for bread ;
I've smelt my dinners and imagined I was fed.
To smell a meal is most as good as eating one,
Your Honor, I confess, I stole those smells and run.

PROPRIETOR.

There is money value, sir, in every smell he took ;
If you don't believe it, ask my waiter.

WAITER.

Yes, sah. Yes, sah.

PROPRIETOR (*continuing*).

Or my cook.

For all the smells that he has smelt, he's not give me
one cent,
In all the hundred thousand times he's come and smelt
and went,
And now he's got to pay for every time he's ever come,
But I'll let him off real cheap. One hundred dollars is
the sum !

Reënter CLERK *with bag of money, R.* *The* MAGISTRATE *takes it and jingles it.*

MAGISTRATE.

Now, Mr. Proprietor, step up near,
Und tell us vat it is you hear. (*Jingles money.*)

PROPRIETOR (*rubbing his hands*).

I hear a very pleasant sound —
It's money jingling round and round —
The sound of dollars, bright and new.

WAITER.

D-d-d-dat's right, d-d-d-dat's right, I hears it, too !

MAGISTRATE.

Order in the court !

PROPRIETOR (*to prisoner*).

That is the money that you owe.

(*To* MAGISTRATE.)

Give it to me and let him go.

(*Reaches for bag of money.*)

MAGISTRATE.

Hold on, hold on. You haf already all you want.
The prisoner is discharged. Go back now to your restaurant.

PROPRIETOR (*much surprised*).

Oh, no. Oh, no. I don't go yet.
I want that money that I came to get.

MAGISTRATE (*rising; very impressively and slowly*).

You hear this money chingling round?
If he has smelt your dinners, you can hear his money sound.

Und you can hear it every day,
Until you think you've got your pay.
The prisoner is discharged!

(*To prisoner.*)

Now, not another smelling prank.

[*Exit THE MAN WITH THE NOSE, across stage, L.*

POLICEMAN (*to CLERK*).

Return his money to the bank.

(*Exit CLERK, after taking bag of money from MAGISTRATE, followed by POLICEMAN, R.*)

FIRST CIT.

A fairer judge I never saw.

SECOND CIT.

He evidently knows the law.

PROPRIETOR (*very angry*).

Discharged? A greater rascal never went unhung.

WAITER.

I-i-it looks as if de boss was stung!

PROPRIETOR (*turning on WAITER*).

Soon you won't think it such a joke,
You've got to pay for all those dishes that you broke.

MAGISTRATE.

Order in the court! The trial is done.

(*Gathers up his books.*)

[*Exit MAGISTRATE, rear.*

SECOND CIT. (*consulting his watch*).

It's dinner time. It's nearly half-past one.

FIRST CIT.

Let's go and have a regular dinner.

WAITER.

I tell you, gentlemens, she's a winner.

I tell you, gentlemens, she's immense.

SECOND CIT.

FIRST CIT.

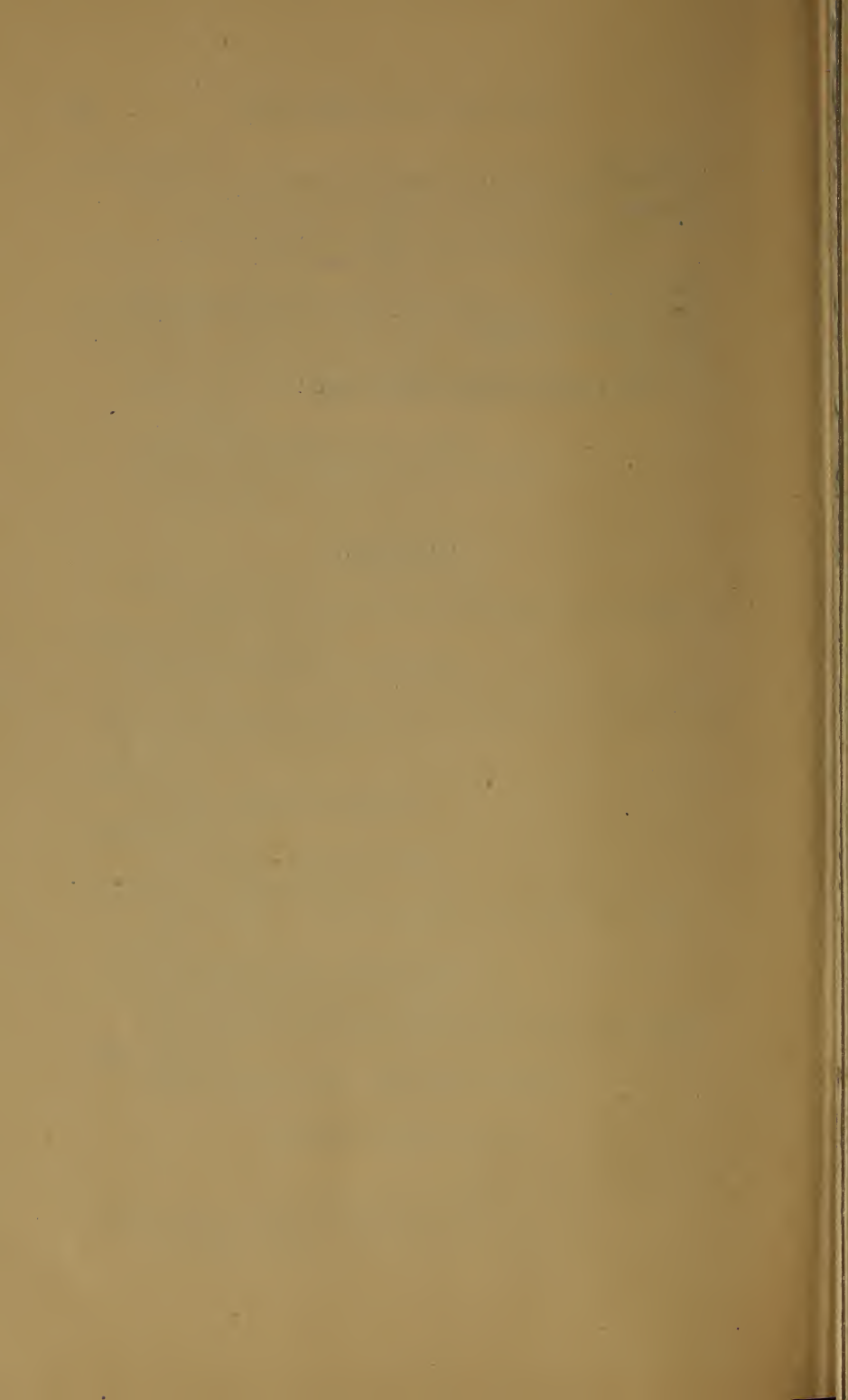
PROPRIETOR

WAITER

} (*together, in chorus, in line across front of stage*).

The regular dinner, fifteen cents !

CURTAIN



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MR. BOB GREY.

MRS. BOB GREY.

TOM CARTER, *Mrs. Grey's brother.*

MRS. PETER WYCOMBE, *a "personage."*

MR. PETER WYCOMBE, *a "pessimist" with a digestion.*

DOROTHY LANDON, *secretly engaged to Tom Carter.*

MR. JAMES LANDON, SR., *Dorothy's father; of a peppery disposition.*

UNCLE TOM, *an old colored butler from the South.*

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